

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

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[No. 25.]

SELECTIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF SCARMENTADO.

A SATYRICAL NOVEL.

Translated from the French.

MY name is Scarmentado ; my father was governor of the city of Candia, where I came into the world in the year 1600, and I remember that one Iro, a stupid and scurrilous poet, wrote a copy of dogrel verses in my praise, in which he proved me descended from Minos in a direct line ; but my father being disgraced some time after, he wrote another poem, by which it appeared I was no longer a-kin to Minos, but the descendant of Pasiphae and her lover.

When I was fifteen years old, my father sent me to Rome to finish my studies. Monsignor Profonde, to whom I was recommended, was a strange kind of man, and one of the most terrible scholars breathing ; he took it into his head to teach me the categories of Aristotle, and I narrowly escaped his throwing me into the category of his minions. I saw many processions and exorcisms, and much oppression. Signora Fatelo, a lady of no rigid morals, was foolish enough to like me : she was wooed by two youthful monks, the Rev. Father Poignardini, and the Rev. Father Aconiti, but she put an end to the pretensions of both of them, by granting me her good graces ; yet, at the same time I narrowly escaped being excommunicated and poisoned. I left Rome exceedingly well pleased with the architecture of St. Peter's church.

I went to France in the reign of Lewis surnamed the Just ; the first thing I was asked was, whether I chose to breakfast on a collop of the marshal d'Ancre, whose body the public had roasted, and which was distributed very cheap to those who desired to taste it. This nation was at that time torn to pieces by civil wars, occasioned sometimes by ambition, sometimes by controversy, and those intestine broils had for the space of forty years deluged the most delightful country in the world with blood. Such were the liberties of the Gallican church : the French, said I, are naturally wise, what makes them deviate from that character ? They are much given to joking and pleasantries, and yet they commit a massacre ; happy that age in which they shall do nothing but joke and make merry.

From hence I sat out for England ; the same fanatical temper excited the same furious zeal ; a set of devout Roman Catholics had resolved, for the good of the church, to blow up the king, the royal family, and the parliament with gun-powder, and thereby

free the nation from those heretics. I was shewn the spot where the blessed Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. had caused above five hundred of her subjects to be burnt alive. A pious Hibernian priest assured me it was a very laudable action : first, because those they had burned were English ; secondly, because they were wretches who never took any holy water, and did not believe in St. Patrick.

From England I went to Holland, in hopes of finding more peace and tranquillity among a more phlegmatical people. At my arrival at the Hague, I was entertained with the beheading of a venerable old patriot, the prime minister Barnavelt, who was the most deserving man in the republic. Struck with pity at the sight, I asked what his crime was, and whether he betrayed the state ? He has done worse, replied a preacher with a black cloak, he believes that we can be saved by good works as well as by faith.

You are sensible, that were such systems suffered to prevail, the commonwealth could not long subsist, and that a severe law is necessary to refute such scandalous errors. A deep Dutch politician told me with a sigh, that such commendable actions could not last for ever. Alas, sir, said he, our people naturally incline towards toleration ; some day or another they will adopt it ; I shudder at the thought : believe me, sir, pursued he, 'tis a mere chance that you actually find them so laudably and zealously inclined as to cut off the heads of their fellow-creatures for the sake of religion. Such were the lamentable words of the Dutchman ; for my own part, I thought proper to abandon a country where severity had no compensation, and therefore embarked for Spain.

I arrived at Seville in the finest season in the year. The court was there, the galleons were arrived, and all seemed to proclaim joy, abundance, and profusion. I espied at the end of a beautiful alley, full of orange and lemon-trees, a vast concourse of people round an amphitheatre richly adorned ; the king, the queen, the infants and infantas, were seated under a stately canopy, and over against that august family, another throne, higher and more magnificent, had been erected. I told one of my travelling companions, that unless that throne was reserved for God, I could not see the use of it ; but these words being overheard by a grave Spaniard, I paid dear for having uttered them. In the mean time, I imagined we were to be diverted with a carousal, wrestling, or bull-baiting, when I perceived the grand inquisitor ascend that throne, and bestow his blessing upon the king and people. Then appeared an army of monks, filing off two by two ; some were white, others were black,

grey, and brown ; some were shod, and some barefooted ; some had beards, and some had none ; some were with cowls, and some without. Then came the executioner, followed by about forty wretches, guarded by a world of grandees and alguazils, and covered with garments, upon which were painted flames and devils. These fellows were Jews, who would not altogether be compelled to abandon the law of Moses, and Christians who had married their god-mothers, or perhaps refused to worship Nuestra Dama d'Atocha, or to part with their money in favor of the brothers Hieronymians. Prayers were said very devoutly, after which all those wretches were tortured and burnt, which concluded the ceremony, to the great edification of all the royal family.

The same night, while I was going to bed, two messengers from the inquisition came to my lodgings with the holy Hermandad. They embraced me tenderly, and, without speaking a word, carried me out of the house, and conducted me into a dungeon not incommoded by heat, adorned with a curious crucifix, and a mat instead of a bed. After I had been there six weeks, the father inquisitor sent his compliments, and desired to see me : I obeyed the summons : he received me with open arms, and after having embraced me with more than paternal fondness, told me, he was very sorry they had put me in so bad a lodging, but that all the apartments happened to be full, it was impossible to give me a better ; adding, however, that he hoped I should be better taken care of another time. Then he asked me very lovingly, whether I knew why I was put in there. I told the reverend father I supposed it was for my sins. Well, my dear child, replied he, but for what sin ? make me your confidant, speak. I did all I could to bethink myself of some misdemeanor, but in vain ; upon which he made me recollect my imprudent words ; in short, I recovered my liberty, after having undergone a severe discipline, and paid 30,000 reals. I went to take leave of the grand inquisitor ; he was a very polite man, and asked me how I relished the holidays they had given me ? I told him they were delightful, and at the same time went to press my companions to quit this enchanting country. They had time enough, during my confinement, to learn all the great achievements of the Spaniards, for the sake of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous bishop of Chiapa, by which it appears that ten millions of infidels were murdered in America, to convert the rest. I imagined that bishop might exaggerate a little, but suppose the victims were but half that number, the sacrifice was still admirable.—(To be continued.)

AN ESSAY ON THE MODERN NOVEL.

misfortune, incident to human nature, that its finest qualities may be perverted to the most destructive ends. Love, the brightest spark that enlightens the soul, burns frequently for the impurest purposes, and lends its rays too often to inflame the eyes of lust, and to light the adulterer to his couch. Having erected his empire, in a greater or less degree, in every breast, he reigns every where. There's ne'er a mother's son between this and the Antipodes, from beardless sixteen up to grey-beard sixty, who has not struggled at some period of his life in the Cytherian net, and confessed the power of the blind god. But let them describe the impulses that push them forward into the snare, and you will find that they have worshipped some other deity than real love; some usurper, who has borrowed his name and authority. From the beginning it has been so, and to the end it will continue so; for the present age, with all its refinements, is more distant from the knowledge of real love, than were our forefathers of the fifth century.

It would be an amusing study to a speculative mind, to observe how this fascinating something has played upon the folly and invention of mankind through all ages. It has exhibited its pranks and whimsies in a thousand different scenes, and in every shape that vanity or fancy could devise, has paid its addresses to the heart. Love is the Proteus of heaven; and, had the ancients known the full extent of his qualities, and seen what we have seen, no doubt they had given him the proper attributes of that character.

But of all the artillery which love has employed to brighten eyes, and soften hearts, the most effectual and forcible is the modern novel. Of all the arrows which Cupid has shot at youthful hearts, this is the keenest. There is no resisting it. It is the literary opium, that lulls every sense into delicious rapture; and respecting the bias of a young lady's mind one may venture to turn out the *Nobles* and *Robsons*, with half a dozen of their greasy combustible duodecimos against the nurse, the mother, and the common prayer-book—ay, and they would conquer them too. These gentlemen are real patriots, never-failing friends to the propagation of the human species. They have counteracted all the designs of the British senate against matrimony; and, in contempt of the marriage act, post chaises and young couples run smoothly on the north road. All this, and more, we owe to novels, which have operated like electricity on the great national body, and have raised the humble spirit of citizens to a parallel with the veriest pomp of quality in the coterie.

But what charms all ranks of people in these productions is the manner.—Unrestrained by that distinguishing simplicity, that timid coyness, which checked the fancies of former ages, the modern muses are

stark naked: and it were no vague assertion to declare, that they have contributed more than any other cause to debauch the morals of the young of the fair sex. Novels, according to the practice of the times, are the powerful engines with which the seducer attacks the female heart, and if we judge from every day's experience, his plots are seldom laid in vain. Never was there an apter weapon for so black a purpose. Trick-ed out in the trappings of taste, a loose and airy dishabille, with a staggering gait and a wanton eye, the modern muse trips jauntily on, the true child of fashion and folly. By tickling the ear, she approaches the heart, and soon ruins it; for, like all other prostitutes, she is plausible and insinuating, and has "her winning ways." A wretched levity of tho't, delivered at random, in an incoherent style, passes current for sentiment, and so alertly has this mental jargon played its part, that our young ladies begin to throw out Steele and Addison to make room for H— and De Vergy. An ingenious author of this age has given us in a few lines the following admirable receipt to make a modern novel.

Take a subject that's grave, with a moral that's good,
Throw in all the temptations that virtue withstood;
And pray let your hero be handsome and young,
Taste, wit, and fine sentiment flow from his tongue;
And his delicate feelings be sure to improve,
With passion, with tender soft rapture, and love.
And some incidents too, which I like above measure,
Such as those I have read, are esteemed as a treasure,
In a book that's entitled—"The woman of Pleasure";
Mix well, and you'll find 'twill a novel produce,
Fit for modest young ladies—to keep it for use.

PSALMANAZAR.

AT the commencement of this pretended Formosan's vagrant life, he was unable to purchase a pilgrim's garb; but observing one in a chapel dedicated to a miraculous saint, which had been set up as a monument of gratitude by some wandering pilgrim, he contrived to take both the staff and cloak away; and being thus accoutred, begged his way in fluent latin, accosting only clergymen or people of distinction; whom he found so generous and credulous, that before he had gone twenty miles he might easily have saved money, and put himself in a better dress. But as soon as he had got what he thought sufficient, he begged no more, but viewed every thing worth seeing, and then retiring to an inn, spent his money as freely as he had obtained it. Having heard the Jesuits speak much of China and Japan, he started the wild scheme, when in Germany, of passing for a native of the island of Formosa; and what he wanted in knowledge he supplied by a pregnant invention. He formed a new character and language, on grammatical principles,

which, like other oriental languages, he wrote from right to left, with great facility; and planned a new religion, and division of the year into twenty months, with other novel-ties to credit his pretensions. He was now a Japanese convert to christianity, travelling for instruction, with an appearance more wretched than even common beggars. He then entered as a soldier in the Dutch service; but still desirous of passing for a Japanese, he altered his plan to that of being an unconverted heathen. And at Sluys brigadier Lander, a Scotch colonel, introduced him to the chaplain, who, with a view of recommending himself to the bishop of London, resolved to carry him over to England. At Rotterdam some throwd persons, having put questions to him which carried the air of doubt, he took one more whimsical step, and confined himself to eating only raw flesh, roots, and herbs, by which he thought to remove all scruples. The bishop of London patronised him with credulous humanity, and Psalmanazar found a large circle of friends who extolled him as a prodigy. Yet were there some, who entertained a just opinion of him; but their endeavors to expose him as a cheat, only made others to think better of him, especially as Drs. Mead, Dalley, Woodward, &c. (the most zealous against him) were not esteemed the greatest admirers of revelation. But in this instance easiness of belief was no great proof of penetration. He was employed to translate the church catechism into the Formosan language, which was examined, approved, and laid up as a valuable MS.; and the author, after writing his well known *History of Formosa*, was rewarded, and sent to Oxford to study what he liked, while his patrons and opponents were learnedly disputing at London on the merits of his work. The very learned members of the university were no better agreed in their opinions, than those at London. But at length the sceptics triumphed. Some absurdities were detected in his "history," too gross to render a declaration of his imposture necessary; but this at length he owned to his private friends; and after supporting himself several years by the labors of his pen, he died in 1763. [Anthology.]

Eider Down.—The following account of this Down is extracted from the "Dictionary of Merchandize."

"Eider-Down is a kind of very fine down, coming from Denmark, Norway, and Ireland. It is the produce of a species of wild duck, called Fider. To collect this down, the inhabitants, at the risk of their lives, by means of cords, let themselves down the steepest precipices, where these birds have their nests.

"The down is made up in balls, about the size of a fist, and weighing from three to four pounds. It is so fine and soft, that if a ball is opened and the down cautiously held over red hot coals, to warm, it will completely fill a bed for two people."

The following description of a courtesan, is extracted from a very old and quaint book :

He, that keeps her company, is in the highway to the devil. To look upon her with desire begins the voyage ; to talk with her mends his pace ; and to possess her is to be at the journey's end. Her body is only the lees of delight ; for, when you taste her, she's dead, and palls upon the palate. Her trade is opposite to that of any other, for she sets up without credit, and too much custom breaks her. She is ever moored in sin, and yet is always sailing about. At fifteen, she is the companion of brave sparks, and at thirty, she is the surgeon's creature.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

THE influence which people have over each other both in conduct and opinions, is far more extensive, than we at first view imagine. The child no sooner escapes the arms of its nurse, than it begins to imitate the actions of its instructor, or the vices of those with whom it associates. The son follows the footsteps and implicitly obeys all the precepts of his father ; and dogmas are often entailed from one generation to another, and held sacred and inviolable, when there is no other reason to support them, except that of their having been upheld by our forefathers. In truth, there are but few, very few, who can either act or think without the assistance of others. In literature, a few giants in genius and understanding are set up as standards, to direct the student in forming his notions and rounding his periods.

In politics, the great body of the people are but a mere machine, wound up and set in motion, by intriguing demagogues. In religion, though we at present find the human mind in some degree disposed to a freedom of enquiry, and an independent spirit ; yet the greater part of mankind still continue to debase themselves, by a scrupulous adherence to all the dogmas, however irrational, which are advanced by the leaders of the different sects under which they are ranged.

For the Tablet.

NATURAL SOCIETY.

Much may be said to prove that a state of nature is a state of happiness. Savages may enjoy liberty and equality in their greatest purity and widest extent ; they are all equal in prosperity ;—have an equal right to the game of the forest, and the productions of the earth. They are free from the restraints and shackles of law, fearless of the arm of despotism, and at liberty to think and act as their own feelings shall direct. But in artificial society, how great a proportion of mankind there are, even in countries of the greatest freedom, who toil for the happiness of a few lordly individuals ;—how many thousands who scarce dare speak, or act, or

think, but in obedience to those on whom they are dependent for their support. The ravages of ambition, the tumult of faction, the incessant struggles for wealth and fame, are all mementos of the tendency of civilized society.

In natural society, we have rarely, if ever heard of the crime of suicide,—a crime which as clearly evinces a discontentment with life, as any thing possibly can do. But suicide has been observed to go hand in hand with civilization and refinement ; and the farther men have advanced from a state of nature, the more frequent are deeds of desperation like this. We rarely ever knew a savage voluntarily abandon his mode of life for that of a civilized being ; but how often do we find men abandoning the habits, impressed upon them, by a long intercourse with the refined world, and descending to all the wildness of the untaught children of the forest.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

On the advantages of studying human nature.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper thing for man to know, is MAN."

IF the penetrating faculties of man were employed in reading the human heart, instead of aiming at things beyond his power, he would learn the most important lesson that can engage the attention of any mortal being. But it is the weakness of man, that, instead of acquainting himself with the grand volume of the human breast, and there reading the character of man, he has the presumption of attempting to scan the ways of the Almighty, and dispute the justness of his dealings. This is the blackest species of folly, and discovers the basest ignorance.

"The proper thing for man to know, is man."

A thorough acquaintance with human nature is of prime importance, and requires much study and observation to be obtained. It is of such consequence, that a person can fill no station in life with propriety and dignity without being possessed of it.

He who has learnt the human heart, can easily avail himself of an ascendancy over the affections ; he knows the emotions and passions of the breast, and by what means they may be wrought upon—he can read another's sentiments in his features and gestures. A man having such a knowledge of human nature, always gives merit its due, and treats the levities of the vain and ignorant with great candor—he knows what line of conduct to pursue among all classes and distinctions of people.—But how little is this important lesson attended to ?—How often are the feelings of the truly virtuous and innocent violated ? How frequently do we see the laurel of praise plucked from the brow of merit, and the most disgracing epithets joined to persons of unsullied honor.—All this is the consequence of unacquaintance with human nature.

MINOS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.
HAPPINESS.

IF we carefully observe the motives by which men are actuated, we shall find that their ultimate object is happiness. Various are the means used to obtain it. The miser fondly imagines that happiness is found in hoarding up riches ; the epicure, in a richly furnished table ; the proud, in looking with contempt upon those below them ; the slanderer, in speaking ill of his fellow creatures ; the intemperate, in the sparkling glass ; the indolent, in the indulgence of ease ; the passionate, in pouring forth his malice with great precipitancy ; the voluptuous, in pleasure ; each of which is equally vain and unsatisfactory. To do justice to this subject, the ends to which these means would respectively lead, must be plainly demonstrated ; but such a task would far exceed the design of my endeavors. The miser, for fear of penury, rises early, eats the bread of carefulness, and denies himself even of the enjoyments of life. He is grieved and perplexed at the loss of a trifle ; his pillow becomes a thorn, and a source of uneasiness. He becomes odious to his neighbor, and a nuisance to society, while he contributes nothing to the public good, shows himself to be a groveling brute, dies, and his name is ever obliterated, and buried in oblivion. The epicure by indulging his voracious appetite destroys both his health and interest. He is the means of affecting himself, and his connections with ignominy. Such a course of life, by every patriotic mind must be viewed with the utmost contempt. Such treatment of precious time is not only detested by wise men, but is a daring insult to the majesty of heaven. This would cause every faculty to be dormant, which otherwise might be active, either in promoting the happiness of communities, or individuals. Such indulgence would destroy all order and regularity, and precipitate mankind into the abyss of wretchedness. On the other hand, the person that abides by virtue, and follows her dictates, leads a peaceable and happy life. By improving the talents allotted him, brings honor upon himself, happiness to all with whom he is connected, and is instrumental of the highest felicity, (to mankind.) By quenching the sparks of discord, he demonstrates to all around, that he is a friend to humanity, and good order. A virtuous man is not satisfied merely to obtain felicity himself, but chooses, that others should learn to travel the delightful path, and with him receive the everlasting reward. If the path of virtue is the only path to endless happiness, it may be easily observed, why so many of the human race are unhappy, when very few give a strict adherence to virtue's mandates. As well may a rivulet flow from an arid fountain, as a person, whose affections are entirely placed on earthly objects, obtain permanent felicity.

The next No. being the last, will be accompanied with a Title Page and Table of Contents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO MARIA.

WHY fair maid, ah ! why so cruel,
To absent yourself from me ;
For you know my heart is fuel,
Burning now with love for thee.

Say, what means this alteration,
Whence proceeds this strange reverse :
Once I had no apprehension,
You would ever treat me thus.

Often we have walk'd in summer,
Whilst the moon in splendor shone ;
Sat and heard the riv'let murmur,
O'er the water-beaten stone.

I have often sat beside thee,
Press'd thy hand and told my love ;
Think how oft you've fondly told me,
That my flame you did approve.

Have I ever been ungrateful ?
Did I ever use thee ill ?
Have I ever been deceitful ?
Marvin wishes thee to tell.

Ah ! I fear that you Maria,
Are a fickle minded Miss ;
If you are I do desire
To make a final close with this.

MARVIN.

SELECTED POETRY.

From a manuscript of the late Hon. BENJAMIN PRATT, Esq. Chief Justice of the province of New-York.

Though guilt and folly tremble o'er the grave,
No life can charm, no death can affright the brave.

The wife at nature's laws will ne'er repine,
Nor think to scan, or mend the grand design,
That takes unbounded nature for its care,
Bids all her millions claim an equal share.
Late in a microscopic worm confined ;
Then in a prisoned foetus, drownd the mind ;
Now of the ape-kind, both for sense and size ;
Man eats, and drinks, and propagates and dies.
Good gods ! if thus to live our errand here,
Is parting with life's trifles worth our fear ?
Or what grim furies have us in their power
More in the dying than each living hour ?
Ills from ourselves, but none from nature flow,
And Virtue's path cannot descend to woe ;
What Nature gives, receive ; her laws obey ;
If you must die to-morrow, live to-day.

The prior states, thy mind has laboured thro',
Are drown'd in Lethe, whose black waves pursue
To roll oblivion on each yesterday,
And will to-morrow sweep thyself away.

But where ? Not more unknown is future fate,
Than thine own end and essence in this state.
We see our shapes, and feel ten thousand things ;
We reason, act, and sport on fancy's wings ;
While yet this agent, yet this spirit, lies
Hid from itself, and puzzles all the wise.

In vain we seek ; inverted eyes are blind ;
And nature form'd no mirror for the mind.
Like some close cell, where art excludes the day,

Save what through opticks darts its pencil'd ray,
And paints its lively landscape to the sight,
While yet the space itself is blank in night.
Nor can you find, with all your boasted art,
The curious touch, that bids the falient heart
Send its warm purple round the veiny maze,
To fill each nerve with life, with bloom the face ;

How o'er the heart the numbing pallies creep,
To chill the carcase to eternal sleep !
'Tis ours to improve this life, not ours to know
From whence this meteor, when, or whence 'twill go.

As o'er a fen, when heaven's involved in night,
An ignis fatuas waves its new-born light !
Now up, now down the mimic taper plays,
As varying Zephyr puffs the trembling blaze,
Soon the light phantom spends its magic store,
Dies into darkness, and is seen no more.

Thus run our changes ; but in this secure,
Heaven trusts no mortal's fortune in his power,
Nor hears the prayers impertinent we send
To alter Fate, or Providence to mend.
As well in judgment, as in mercy kind,
God hath for both the fittest state designed ;
The wise on death, the fools on life depend,
Waiting with sweet reverse their toils to end.
Scheme after scheme the dupe successive tries,
And never gains, though hopes to gain the prize.

From the delusion still he ne'er will wake,
But dreams of bliss, and lives on the mistake.
Thus Tantalus, in spite, the Furies plied,
Tortured, and charmed to wish, and yet denied,
In every wish infatuate dreads lest Jove
Should move him from the torments of his love,
To see the tempting fruit, and streams no more,
And trust his Maker in some unknown shore.
Death buries all diseases in the grave,
And gives us freedom from each fool and knave,
To worlds unknown it kindly wafts us o'er ;
Come, Death ! my guide, I'm raptur'd to explore !

[Anthology.]

WILL THE MANIAC.

A BALLAD.

Hark ! what wild sound floats on the breeze !
'Tis Will, at evening fall,
Who sings to yonder waving trees,
That shade his prison wall.

Poor Will was once the gayest swain
At village wake was seen ;
No lighter heart than his of pain
E'er tripp'd the moonlight green.

His snowy flock graz'd on the hill,
A finer ne'er was known ;
And, but when died a kid, poor Will
Had never cause to moan.

But now poor William's brain is turn'd,
He cares not for his flock ;
For when I ask'd "if them he mourn'd ?"
I mark'd his vacant look.

Yet William does not mourn his fold,
For them he scarce would miss :

Some say a love he never told
Consum'd his form to this.

And others tell, as how he strove
To win the fair-one's heart,
Who mock'd his tears, and scorn'd his love,
And left him thus to smart.

Will wander'd then amid the rocks,
And left his flock to stray ;
And oft would creep where bursting shocks
Had rent the earth away.

He lov'd to delve the darksome dell,
Where never pierc'd a ray,
There to the wailing night-bird tell
His mournful tale away.

And oft upon the craggy mount,
Where threaten'g cliffs hang high,
Have I observ'd him stop to count,
With fix'd stare, the sky :

Then to himself in murmurs low
Repeating, as he wound
Along the mountain's woody brow,
'Till lost was ev'ry sound.

But soon he went so wild astray,
His kindred ach'd to see ;
And now, secluded from the day,
In yonder cell is he.

Poor Will from all that pass along
Claims but a tear ; and then
Poor Will, the Maniac's grateful song
Returns the gift again.

ARABIAN SONG.

From Carey's Amatory Poems.

COME, maid of Yemen ! sit with me
Beneath the fragrant almond tree ;
And shun, within this close retreat,
The blazing noontide's fervid heat.

Wafts't thou a gale of rich perfume
From drops that pearl the rose's bloom,
O Zephyr ! 'mid thy blossoms straying
With Pleasure's sportive daughters playing !

Or have the virgin lilies spread
For panting Love a downy bed,
Where the fond trembler may repose,
And sleep in extacy his woes ?

Or is it Zeineb's softer breast
On which her lover sinks to rest ;
And her's the sigh that I inhale,
The blushing maid of Yemen's vale ?

Or is it some gay child of air,
Some genie bright, or houri fair,
With beauties that can never fade,
Who sits beneath the almond shade ?

Or wakes the nightingale her lay
Amid her damask blooms so gay,
To bid the rose no longer weep,
And charm the lover's cares to sleep.

Or is it Zeineb's fairer form
That wakes with kisses melting warm,
And sits and sings the song of glee,
Beneath the woing almond tree ?